The Magic Spring,

What Tom and Pete Found There.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

Pete began to lay plans for a three or four days' hunting trip in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Not burting for "game," as Tom declared, but for "treasure."

"I tell you, Pete, there's a load of gold bid up yonder in them mountains if a feller could find it. And we, us and co. have got to be the fellers what uncovers the coin." So spoke Tom to Pete one day before starting on their quest. But how do you know there's gold in them mountains?" asked Pete.

"W'y, I've heard it said that before goln' to the war a great many men turned all their property into gold money -money, mark you-and burled it in old fron pots in caves. Now, whure are them caves? That's the question." And Tom shook his head mysteriously, winking one eye slowly as if saying: "I'll show

As soon as vacation set in Tom and | themselves for the meal. Then Tom bent over the spring to see if he might sip from it with his lips. As he did so he was surprised to see how deep and clear the water was. As he lay on his stomach examining the spring he suddenly notived a dark-looking tunnel leading off from one side of the spring's wall into the solid rock. As this tunnel-like opening was on the side of the spring next the high side of the mountain Tom at once arrived at the conclusion that it led into a cave. All above them was an insurmountable ledge of rock rising perpendicular. It must be that within this ledge a cave opened its mysterious chambers. The opening from the spring was small, not measuring more than two feet

"Come here, guick!" said Tom, summoning Pete who had gone in search of "Le's us—you an' me—go and find a large leaf from which he might drink pot of it," suggested Pete, pleased with 'spring water. Pete obeyed and was soon a large leaf from which he might drink

line along to tie around my ankle-one end of it, you know-and the other around something outside, so's we can't git lost in the cave. You know lots of people have been lost in caves and starved to death—many times." Pete shuddered. "Huh," he grunted. "We don't want no sich experience.

"Nor we don't have it so long as Thomas Andrew Long is leadin' the ex-pi-dition," asserted Tom, with a wise shake of the head, as he tied one end of the string about his ankle, and the other about a huge rock lying at the outer edge of the spring. Then he dragged his body through spring. Then he dragged his body through the small aperture that led into the earth through solid rock. Pete followed Tom and soon the two found themselves some 10 feet from the little doorway they had entered and through which only the dimmest light penetrated. "Say, I'm powerful glad I've got some matches tied up in a rag in my cap," said Tom. "I knowed we'd need 'em."

Just then they came to a sharp angle, around which they crawled into total darkness. "Whew!" whispered I'ete. This is as dark as a pocket. Let's have a light."

This is as dark as a pocket. Let's have a light."

Tom took the box of matches from his cap and made a light. The dim flicker from the match showed the boys that they were in a first-class cave, high and dry. Opening from the sides were dark recesses which the boys supposed were other chambers leading further into the earth.

other chambers leading further into the earth.

"What did I tell you?" asked Tom, proudly. "Well, I guess not! Bet we'll find more treasure here than you can shake a stick at. But we've got to git out of here and hide our tracks till we find out whose ground this is. What work we do must be done by night. It would be awful to go this far an' then have somebody else come in an' claim the gold."

They crawled back through the little tunnel entrance, and after quickly dressing themselves they began to undo all the work of the previous night by filling up the outlet for the water and covering the signs of their work by hiding the new earth with stones, dry leaves and dead tree branches. This work kept them busy till late in the afternoon. Then they began to look about the neighborhood of the cave for human habitation. The barking of a dog led them over the mountain side, the distance of half a mile, where they came upon a mountain hut. Seated on a fallen tree trunk was an old hermit with face overgrown with long beard. Tom and Pete advanced toward the old man failed tree trunk was an old hermit with face overgrown with long beard. Tom and Pete advanced toward the old man, and Tom, bowing respectfully, asked if they might get a drink of water there. The old hermit pointed to a spring near the door, where the boys refreshed themselves by means of an old ogster can. Then Tom remarked in an off-hand manner: "You've got a nice spring up here. Then Tom remarked in an off-hand man-ner: "You've got a nice spring up here, Any others round here on this mountain?" "Yep, there's the Magic Spring down aplece," the old man answered, Tom and Pete pretended surprise. "Oh, that so? Where 'bouts?" And Tom looked

"Oh, down under that big ledge," explained the old man. Then he puned at his pipe and became uncommunicative. But Tom pressed more questions. "Don't reckon there's any caves about here, ch? And he slyly winked at Pete, who grinned nd his hand in a knowing way "Yep, there's one whoppin' big one down at Magic Spring." the old man answered. "But it's full of rattlers and wildcats. Besides all thet it's hanted." Tom almost gasped. Pete felt cold shivers running up his spine and chilling the roots of his hair. Pete ventured a remark, in a weak voice:

"Is it certain it's hanted—an' full of rattlers an' wildcats?"

"Sure," the old man replied with a Squirrelly Squirrel.



Der little Squirrel-ly Squirrel, Allin a whirl-ly whirl; Up in a tree-top so tall The to the ground like a merry-go-round He farts, but he never does fall. Sure on his feet, in motion so fleet, His eyes shining bright as a dollar; He rolles about, in tree-top and out For ie is a gay-hearted fellow. Givehim nuts and good weather And he doesn't care whether The world swiftly moves or stands still. He vill sit on hind feet And fluttonously eat Till is stomach so round has its fill.

-TIM TUCKER.

Stela, The Little Heroine

THE WAY IN WHICH SHE SAVED TWO LIVES.

BY MAUD WALKER.

Golen-curled Stella Grason, aged 10, and hr little brother Robbie, aged seven, went one July morning to hunt for wlid lowers. As the clouds portended rain tey carried their grandfather's big green imbrella, knowing that in case it were seded they both would find shelter

Acros the broad road there stretched a pasture which skirted a pretty wooded creek. In the banks of this little stream grew a profusion of meadow blossoms, such ascend not be found elsewhere on the profes. This pasture belonged to a neighboug farmer who used it for graz-ing; but of late the cattle had been turned into nother pasture across the creek.

and Stella remembered that she had not seen the sign of a horn inside the barbed-wire inclosure for a long time.

The Three Land of Land Change and the

As the two children wandered along the big road looking in vain for posies, Stella conceived the idea of crawling under the pasture fence and going to the creek banks, where they could soon fill their basket with an abundance of lovely wild roses, sensitive plants and daisies. As Robble never questioned his sister's movements, but followed wherever she led, the little couple were soon under the barbed-wire and headed for the creek banks, which lay a short distance be-

yond.

"I s'pose we'll not need Grampa's umber-ella," said Stella, finding it a burden to carry through the high weeds and grass. "But I guess we'd better take it with us for if I hid it ever so good under the weeds by the roadside somebody might come along and carry it off."

"Yes, an' Grampa would never get over it if we should lose his fine big umber-ella, 'cause it's the biggest one in the country," said Robbie, looking admiringly at the green article in question.

They had advanced some distance into the pasture when suddenly over the top of the steep bank there appeared a pair of sharp, white horns; then came in sight the head of a great red bull. When his eyes fell on the two children they flashed with rage and wildness. He switched his tail, gave vent to a furious bellow that scemed to shake the very earth, and, with his head bent, came toward the terrorized little ones with terrible speed and fury, pawing up the rible speed and fury, pawing up the earth with his hoofs.

Stella and Robble turned and fled as fast as their little legs could cary them, Robble screaming with all his might, but Stella with face white and lips compressed.

on, on they flew through the tangled grass and weeds that impeded their progress, the awful animal gaining on them at every bound. Robbie dropped the basket he had been carrying, but stella grasped tightly the huge, green umbrella, dragging it by the handle as she ran. Her cycs were fixed on the barbed-wire fence only a few yards away, beyond which was safety. With a snent prayer that her little brother and she might gain it before the bellowing bull could reach them, the little girl gathered all her strength for the last effort, calling out to Robbie to not lag, but for dear life's sake to use all his power to reach the fence and roll under to the other side.

Just as Stella's prayer seemed about to Robbie stopped screaming, and, wiping his eyes, sat up and looked after the disappearing bull that was at the moment going over the bank out of sight and sound. Then Robbie got up and spoke in trembling tones to his sister:

"Don't cry sister, dear. Come, le's go

pressed.

reach the fence and roll under to the other side.

Just as Stella's prayer seemed about to be answered—for the fence was now almost reached and the bull was still some yards behind them—Robbie's foot was caught in a tangle of weeds and the little fellow was thrown headlong on his face. Stella whirled and ran back to him. She could not leave him, although death stared her in the face. Now the bull was almost upon them. Stella could feer are hot breath on her face, hear his short snorts and enraged breathing. She felt that all was over. In less time than one could count five all these things had nappened. Stella rushed between the bull and Robbie just as the beast bent his head to raise the little fellow in the air on its horns. She did not think of herself when—only thought of her dear little brother who still crouched in terror in the grass. Whatever prompted her to do as she did she could never tell, but as she dashed between Robbie and the build the start of the start the start of the start of the she was the build be suddenly the start the start of the suddenly them. she dashed between Robbie and the built she suddenly thrust the great, green umbrella in the beast's face, raising it as she did so. The act was so sudden, the umbrella so immense that the buil took fright instantly, and, whiring round, he dashed back over the prairie as if a demon were in pursuit. Away he went,

CURVED LINE HUMAN PUZZLE.

By correctly putting together the above parts a very "swell" in-

dividual will appear.

Answer will appear next week. loudness of speech for ease and indahis hoofs sending clods of earth in the pendence. Those who thrust themselves nir all about him. on the attention of the public belong to Stella was dazed. Her arm fell limp the vulgar. beside her, and her eyes, still shining

with the heroism of her act, followed the

bull in his mad flight. Then feeling that

they were once more safe the little girl's

strength gave way and she sat down in

the grass-too weak to stand-and began

to cry softly. Her poor heart was beat-

ing like a hammer against her side and

"Oh, brother," sobbed Stella, "just think-if it hadn't-(sob)-been for gram-

her body shook like an aspen leaf.

Don't think it smart to "show off." That sort of conduct is excusable only in the monkey. Don't' think you know more than your elders do. They have gone over the same road you are now traveling and know all its pitfalls.

Made-over Nursery Rhyme.



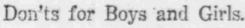
There was an old woman

lives.
After Stel'a and Robble had finished telling the story Stella sald:
"It was Grampa's big, green umber-ella what saved Robble's life and mine."
But manufa and papa and grandpa all But mamma and papa and grandpa all shook their heads and said it was through the bravery of their little girl, bravery prompted by love for her little brother, that had saved their lives. Had it not been for her courageous act the old um-brella would have lain idle in the weeds and the bull would never have met his

and the bull would never have met his conquerer.

"Well, it was the two of us together, then," declared Stella, who would not take all the glory of the brave act, but who insisted on sharting it with the old green unbirelia. "If I hadn't had that umber-ella to wave in the mad bull's face brother, and I would now be—be—." But a choking tump in her throat prevented Stella's finishing the sentence.

And grandon has given the o'd green umbrella to Stella who has wrapped it in white paper and put it carefully away, saying that she will keep it as long as she lives.



Pon't finult your worldly possessions and social prestige before poor children who are forced to live humbly. Remember that they would occupy better positions were it in their power to do so.

Don't laugh at the misfortunes of others, nor turn to ridicule another child's simplifity. Duffness of Intellect is a curse of birth and the child so handlcapped should rouse your deepest sympathy and receive from you any assistance it is possible for you to render.

Don't make light of another's disfigure-

sible for you to render.

Don't make light of another's disfigurements. The child who must go through life with a hairlip or crossed eyes is truly an object to selicit our pity.

Don't destroy life wantonly. Kill no harmless bird, insect or animal for the mere pleasure (?) of taking life. Cruel boys and girls are disliked by their fellows and girls are disliked by their fellows. ows, and grow up to be unsuccessful men

"Oh, brother," sobbed Stella, "Just think—if it hadn't—(sob)—been for grampa's—(sob)—big—green—umber-ella—you—(sob)—would have—been—been—(sob) hooked—to death. Boo-hoo!"
Robbie was the stronger of the two, now that all danger was past.
"Come, come, sister dear," he urged, gently taking her hand and assisting her to rise. "I'll per-teck you if—if—that ole bull dares to come back after us any more." Then the dear little fellow's eyes mensured the distance to the fence—the line of life he knew. "Don't cry any more. I'll shake the umber-ella at his mean ole head an' mnybe I'll stick it in his eye an' put it out."
But at that instant the children saw the points of two horns appear over the creek bank, and next the buil slowly raised his head as if looking slyly for the green, balloon-shaped monster that had driven him from the field. Robbie threw down the umbrella, which he had picked up to demonstrate his threats with, and at two bounds was by the threw down the umbrella, which he had picked up to demonstrate his threats with, and at two bounds was by the fence and rolling under it to safety. "Come, come, sister!" he called, beckoning from the big road. "Don't you see that ole bull's head?"

As weak as Stella felt from the reaction of the reaction of the safety. As weak as Stella felt from the reaction following the awful fright she bad suffered, she could not withstand the temptation to suddenly lift the ambrella (which Robble had let down) and raise it with a quick motion and wave it furiously towards the built who turned tail at the sight and dashed off down the creek, never stopping till he was exhausted for breath. Then laughing, as the tears dryed on her cheeks, Stella joined her brother on the other side the fence and the two ran home to tell of the most exciting incident that had ever happened in their lives.

There was an old woman who used her big shoe to whip her bad children Till they cried "Boo-hoo!" When they all acted naughty, and cried loud for bread She gave each a spanking And sent him to bed.

-TIM TURNIPS.



A RIDDLE

have a face with nose and eyes, Yet never smelled nor saw; have a mouth and lips and chin, But have not got a jaw. Sometimes I'm gay, sometimes I'm sad; But I own I cannot feel. My dearest friends may laugh or cry.

But to me they don't appeal.

Don't mistake arrogance of manner and

Answer: The Mask. The Summer Storekeeper.



A carpet-covered corner;
A scap-box for a counter;
A lemon, lump of sugar and
A bucket full of water;
A boy with face all freckled;
And shirt and trousers ragged
With hair uncombed and feet unshed;
With voice of power ringing loud,

Crying his wares: Cold lemonadel Made fresh and sweet-Stirred with a spade:
At one cent for a guzzle small,
And two cents if you drink your fill."
Such is the trade the Summer Boy Doth grow rich by, and much enjoy.
-HELENA DAVIS.



the idea of finding gold already made up into dollars. "I wouldn't mind lugglu home a hunderd dollars, would you?"
"A hunderd? Huh!" And Tom looked pityingly on Pete. "Why, boy alive, we'll lug home a thousand—maybe a billion—dollars. A hundred won't be a llon-dollars. A hundred won't be a drop in the bucket. You jest wait!"
So Pete waited till the next day, when, long before sun-up, the two boys set off toward the mountains with rifles, ammuham, and a spade. This last-named article they picked up from under a ledge of rocks, where Tom had hidden it on

of rocks, where Tom had hidden it on the previous night, for their purpose in going up into the mountains was to remain a secret from their families. It was supposed that the boys were going after supposed that the boys were going after from Tom's father's woods it for the purpose of digging after in pots filled with wealth. If they were seen carrying such an implement the question of its possible use would be roused. So this plan had been resorted to that secrecy might be insured.

As they trudged along Pete asked: "Why didn't the owners of the pots of gold come and git it after the war was over?"

'How could they when they was dead and buried? answered Tom by asking a question, "Not many of 'em lived after bein' in front of caunon for four years, I reckon. And as nobody but themserves knowed they had hid it there, how could knowed they had hid it there, how could anybody else go an' git it?

It never occurred to Pete to ask Tom how the secret of their hiding the gold in the mountains had reached his ears, since no one but those now dead had known of it.

"Now," said Tom, "I've always felt sure that there's a cave up on the side of this mountain if a feller could only find its opening. It was always in a cave

find its opening. It was always in a cave that the treasure was hid in deep holes." that the treasure was hid in deep holes."

Till noon the two boys climbed the mountain and peeped into every crevice between the rocks, hoping to find an entrance to a cave. At last, tired and hungry they decided to sit down and rest and refresh themselves with a bit of food. "Wish we could find some drinking water," remarked Pete, who was thirsty. As he spoke they both heard water trickling over rocks nearby. Being led by the sound the boys soon came upon a most welcome sight. There, hidden partly from view, was the prettiest spring of clear, cool water. Finding seats on big rocks near the spring Tom took on big rocks near the spring Tom took from a newspaper wrapper their simple fare and spread it out.

'Guess we'd better do like the horses do-eat first, then drink. We'll have to use our caps for cups."

It did not take the boys long to devour the portion of food they had allotted

on his snees peering back into the cavernon his knees peering back into the cavernlike opening, his eyes and mouth wide
with wonder. "Where do you reckon
it leads to?" he asked.
"To a cave," replied Tom calmly, "An'
in that cave we will find a pot of gold—
sure as my name's Thomas Andrew
Long."
"But the passage into it is "of
water," exclaimed Pete. "We can't wim
in—can we?"
"We'll drain the water of." said Tom.

in—can we?"

"We'll drain the water off," said Tom.

"What else did we bring the spade for, anyway? See—the lower edge of the spring is mostly clay and small stones. We can clear away the stones in a jiffy and set to diggin' a deep trench into the down-bill side of the spring wall. The water will run out and fall over the stoop bank. Then the cave outrance will steep bank. Then the cave entrance will be emptied of water and all we've got to do is to git down in the spring and crawl

"Sure, that'll be the way," agreed Pete.
"But le's have a drink before we git rid
of the water. We'll feel pretty dry before it runs in again, I reckon."
Pete's suggestion was followed and both
boys drank their fill of the best waterso they thought—they had ever tasted.
Then they set to work with all their
might at clearing away the stone and
brush from the lower side of the spring.
As soon as the space was cleared they might at clearing away the stone and brush from the lower side of the spring. As soon as the space was cleared they began with the spade, taking turnshout at digging. Far into the night the two boys worked and did not find the labor fatiguing, for was not there a reward worth while just inside that grim ledge of rock over their heads? But when a streak of dawn appeared in the East they threw down the spade and prepared to rest and snatch a f.r. hours' sleep. They had dug the treach so deep that already the water was running out much faster than it was running in. Within an hour the spring would be empty, several inches below the tunnel-like opening just opposite the place of outlet. In the course of their digging they had discovered that the spring was feed from the bottom, instead of from the tunnel, which they had feared might be the source of its water. This information was most pleasing, for now they knew that the opening to the cave—if eave there was—would be dry and fit pass through.

pass through. they lay down and slept till the noonday sun, full in their eyes, awoke them. "Il! "cried Tom, rubbing his eyes. This lazy work won't do. Come, l'ete, stir your stumps lively! Le's take a peep at our tunnel."

To their delight the boys found the water so low that access to the tunnel was now possible. Quickly divesting themselves of their outer clothing, they dropped into the spring and peered into the little dark opening, which they felt would lead them to such wonderful discoveries. "Now," said Tom, "I brought my kite

On, on they flew through the tangled grass and weeds. knowing twinkle in his eye that the boys did not note. "That's why I had the big entrance closed up with solid rock an morter. All the rattlers, wildeats and spooks what's in there will stay there I reckon, no them what's out will stay out or go in through the spring water."

"W'y, is there—I mean was mere another way of gettin into the cave besides through the spring?" nsked from, his eyes

through the spring?" asked Tom, his eyes "Yep, till I shet it up," declared the old man. "Onet a man came there to try and go in through the spring—so the story goes-and the spooks what run the put pixen in the water so that when the man drank it be died. It is said that his skeleton sits in the left-hand corner of the big cave. But you've got to have a good light to see it by. Leastwise, I han't naver drunk any of that water." "Wy, what'll it do to a feller 'at has drinked it?" cried Pete, suddenly, imagining pains were darting through his stomach.

stomach.

"Oh, nothin' after the first drinkin'," answered the old man. "But if they ever come back and drink of it the second time they'll fall dead on the spot. You see, if a spook sees anybody there it waits till he's gone away; then it stoops down and says some funny words over the water, calls the rattlers who wiggle their tails in it and presto' the water's their tails in it and—presto!—the water's as pizen as pizen itself is pizen. Then if the feller comes back and takes a sip it's all night with him, and don't you forgit it."

the feller comes back and takes a sip it's all night with him, and don't you forgit it."

The old man put his pipe to his mouth and began to puff away.

Tom looked at Pete and said: "I reckon we'd better be off for home."

Pete returned the look and answered: "I reckon so." In their haste to be off they forgot to say good-day to the hermit who sat watching the boys as they ran down the mountainside with their rifles over their shoulders. They had left the spade at the cave. A funny little smile played on the old man's bewhiskered face as he muttered to himself: "I guess they won't pester me by trying to open up that pesky cave very soon. I can't be bothered by human critters runnin' round in my vicinity."

As Tom and Pete made rapid tracks for town Tom said: "If I live to git home I'll drink a gallon of caster oll to git rid of that pizen water."

"If I live to git home," panted Pete, out of breath with running, "I'll bet you I never go huntin' treasure hid in ole pots anymore, so I won't."

"Oh, the gold in pots is all O. K.," said Tom a bit humiliated over the affair. "It's the rattlers and hants what scared us off. If we'd not a-fun into them we'd a-lugged home a million apiece, bet you we would."

But up to date Tom has never mentioned "treasure in old from pots" to Pete, and the subject of the Magic Spring is a "touchy" one with him.

Something about Hans Christian Anderson.

TheOne Famous Writer of Children's Fairy Stories.

seem to lout his mental equilibrium. Some pas his oddities over as mere ecof them a sysptoms belonging to a disordered bain.

Despite his uncouth appearance and awkwardness f manner, he was blessed with the ousday idea that he possessed a charm of prior that was well-nigh irresistible. Inticularly did he pose be-fore the lalesses a veritable Don Juan fore the laleshs a veritable Don Juan—and it mut it confessed that many of the fair ex hought him all that he professed (wi) the greatest self-conceit)—to be all they fell victims to his self-asserte facinations with apparent blindness b hingliness.

It is said that he was one of the most inconsisten of men and given over to small and oolh vanities. Although he

Hans britian Andersen.

Though Has Cheistlan Anderson was a dirliked children, he would often gather many respets the greatest writer of a group of them around himself and read fairy talk fd children that the world sloud some of his newly written stories. has produced many of his biographers for his very life seemed to depend upon flattery for food, and on this diet the little folk would enthusiastically feed centricitic ofgenius, while others speak him. "You are wonderful!" they would exclaim. "Yes, I am wonderful," he would agree, with a self-vain smile
In his youth Hans Christian Anderson
was a great traveler, going about Germany. Switzerland, France, Italy and England. By studying the customs of these

in his writing.

Hans Christian Anderson was born April 2, 1805, in Odense, a small town on the Island of Funen, belonging to Denmark. His father was a cobbler, poor but highly respected by his townsmen as being a man of advanced and independent ideas. But the mother of Hans was a poor, weak-minded creature, possessing unwholesome qualities, and in her advanced age she became sadly addicted to the bottle. Owing to these unpleasant facts about his mother we do not wonder that Hans was endowed with many short-comlings.

countries he was greatly aided

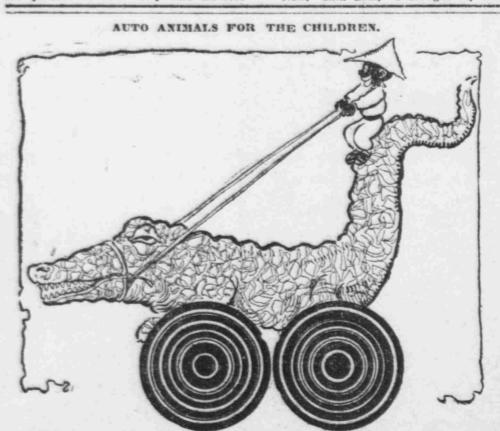
Biographers say that Hans Christian Biographers say that Hans Christian Anderson never became a man, but remained a child to the day of his death, although he lived to an advanced age, Perhaps to this trait of character may be traced the source of his great success in writing for the juvenile world, for being a child himself he was forever in touch with the child's fancies and knew just what would entertain and delight his little readers.

MARY GRAHAM.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in pleasure, but not in fun; My second is in walking, but not in run; My third is in come, but not in go: My fourth is in garden, but not in hoe; My fifth is in iron, but not in steel; My sixth is in stocking but not in heel,

My whole spells a word That means something nice: Mayhap you can guess it If you try more than twice. Answer given next week.



Cut these auto animals out as they appear, paste on a thick piece of paper, then turn rapidly from right to left and see the wheels go 'round. The collection of these animals will afford much amuse-